When You Order hocolate or Baker's Cocoa the package you receive and trade-mark of the chocolate girl. There are many imitations of these choice ds on the market. A copy of Mis Parloa's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper. Address Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester,

The discovery in Palestine of valuable mineral freasures making it probable that there will soon be an industrial awakening of the Holy Land.

In India a box of 720 safety matches imported from Sweden or Belgium can be bought for three cents.

"Philadelphia politicians, then, are very corrupt?
"Oh, yes! Tammany Hall could over there and run a reform movemen —From Puck.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her com-pletely."

J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones! The medicine that has been curing the worst of

Pectoral. Three sizes : 25c., 50c., \$1. All drugglats.

deep coughs for sixty

years is Ayer's Cherry

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, shen dc as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows.

Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Gold Medal at Buffalo Exposition. MCILHENNY'S TABASCO

You Cannot Drown an Ant. It is a singular fact, recently demostrated by experiments made by French scientists, that you cannot drown an ant. The purpose of the experiments was to determine how long the insects would be able to resist asphyxiation after they had been submerged in water.

An ant-immersed in water doubles itself up and becomes absolutely inert, but upon being restored to the air comes to life in a period varying with the length of its immersion. After a ducking of six or eight hours it requires half an hour to come to and three-quarters to an hour to recover when the submersion has been continuous for twenty-four hours. His Objections.

"Did you ever save a dollar?" asked the citizen severely.
"Never," answered Meandering Mike. "Did you ever do a day's work?" "Never."

"Mister, you're an intelligent man, an' capital an' labor is bound to continue. the forest land is good for cultivation. What I'm aimin' at is to keep me mind In the matter of finance our assets experfectly free from prejudice on either side so's to be right in line when dey wants some one to do a good job of arbitratin'."

In the matter of innance our assets exceed our liabilities, and that is generally considered to be a sound position. We can easily raise our own food sup-

An Atchison girl visited out of town recently, and told her mother when she got home that she had had her breakfast served in bed. Her mother was oldfashioned, and, instead of being proud scolded the girl unmercifully for her shiftlessness. "It is a nasty thing," said the mother, "to eat breakfast without first getting up to wash." The girl said she didn't enjoy high life very much, anyway, and spilt coffee on her night

For a Special Occasion. "You know what abomniable table wine my venerable father-in-law-to-be 'Yes; it's fierce.'

"Well, it was his birthday last Sunday, and I took around a bottle of the best claret I could buy, and told Lucy | the organized working staff. They look to put it at his elbow. And what do you suppose the old fellow said?"
"Give it up."
"He said he gussed he'd save it until they had company to dinner."

Senator Bricklayer's Latest. A good story is told of the distinguish-

Senator Bricklayer. He was seen walking around the Grand Atlantic Hotel the other day, smoking a cigar, when happened that he was not looking for an acquaintance accosted him. trouble. "True," fie replied. "Unfortunately, say you have changed your mind as re- man is incapable of appreciating perfec-

"It's a lie!" roared the distinguished statesman. "I havn't even changed my favorite dishes for dinner: and yet there

Then he burst into a loud guffaw, in which all present joined.

are people who think that man is lacking in the more subtle arts of diplomacy.

—Chicago Post.

and cured me within seven weeks.

women."-LILLIE DEGENKOLBE.

ABOUT VANILLA

spear-shaped leaves. It throws out a

it rises, which, attaching themselves to

neighboring trees, appear to derive

therefrom such nutriment that the

in fact, often when all other modes of

supply are cut off these holdfasts will

entirely nour sh the plant. Occasional-

ly the wild vines completely cover the branches of the tree, and, running from it into adjacent ones, they will

hang in huge festoons and arches so

thick that they seriously impede one's

progress in the bush. The vines blossom profusely—usually in the spring the strange and delicate flowers, with their long, straggling and pale yellow

petals, springing from the angles

where the leaves branch off. After a

few days' existence, the flowers wither

and fall, and as their chance of fertili-

zation through any of the outside

agencies on which they depend is a brief one, and precarious at best, it is

not surprising to find that very few

of them are succeeded by fruit. This

takes the form of a large pod, and,

strange to say, although the pods attain their full growth within fifty

days from the fall of the petals, they

take fully seven months more to ripen.

The pods vary from 5 to 12 inches in

length and are about like a banana,

but are better described as resembling

a knife sheath; hence the name

vanilla, which is a corruption of the

Spanish word yainilla-a small scap

bard. Each pod contains a quantity

of small black granules, surrounded by

a balsamic pulp whose peculiar com-

bination of oil and acid is supposed to

impart to the pods that delicious flavor

and powerful aroma for which they

are so justly esteemed.—Chambers'

A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

in Paraguay.

Comparatively few persons are

aware of the existence in Paraguay of

a little English-speaking colony

named Cosme, and of its attempt to

organize a community on the highest

co-operative lines. Beginning in 1894

as the result of a secession from the

New Australia colony; the founders of

Cosme seem to have steered clear of

the shoals and quicksands which

wrecked the parent movement. One

of the "fathers" of the colony, al-

though he is quite a young man, is

John Lane, who says of the colony:

which New Australia started; we are

communistic in so far as we share

our earnings equally, irrespective of

the capacity of the individual. The

present outlook is highly satisfactory.

but we want more adult members. Our

present population is sixteen women.

all married, and twenty-six men; for-

ply. Every family lives in its own

the co-operative dining-room, their

cooking being done for them by col-

ony labor. This co-operative com-

monwealth is governed by what is called a parliament, although it is on-

ly a committee of three, with a chair-

ballot is taken by casting papers into

a hat. Speaking of the industrial con-

ditions in Cosme, Mr. Lane said re-

ployed in sugar-making and timber

work. The married women are not on

after the homes, and any work they do outside is voluntary. Single wom-

"Woman," said she bitterly, "is unap-

Here certainly was a chance for him

Thus he secured at least two of his

to even up many old scores, but it so

en would be on the working staff." -

preciated in this world."

Miss Lillie Degenkolbe, Treasurer South

End Society of Christian Endeavor, 3141

Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Cured by

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

sustained a hard fall and internal complications were the result.

I was considerably inflamed, did not feel that I could walk, and lost

my good spirits I spent money doctoring without any help, when a

relative visited our home. She was so enthusiastic over Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, having used it herself, that

nothing would satisfy her until I sent for a bottle. I have thanked

her a hundred times for it since, for it brought blessed health to me

85000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy. "all

excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "allgone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful

I now wish to thank you, your medicine is a friend to suffering

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - When life looked brightest to me I

eight hours a day for five

and five hours on Sat-

Work starts just after

"We are running now on the lines on

Journal.

vines are little dependent on the soil

TIME FOR REJOICING Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks of Peaus of The vanilla is an orchidaceous, limbing vine, which often reaches

Praise for the Victories of Peace. over 20 feet in height, and is usually about the thickness of one's little finger. The vine is round, knotted at intervals, and covered with dark green

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a national congratulation over the achievements of brain and hand during the past twelve months. The texts are: I Corinthians ix, 10, "He that ploweth shall plow in hope;" Isaiah xli, "He that smootheth with the hammer;" Judges v, 14, "They that handle the pen of the writer."

Judges v. 14, "They that handle the pen of the writer."

There is a table being spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent, a table which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea. It is the Thanksgiving table of the nation. They will come from the East and the West and the North and the South and sit at it. On it are smoking the products of all lands, birds of every aviary, cattle from every pasture, fish from every lake, feathered spoils from every farm. The fruit baskets bend down under the products plucked from the peach fields of Maryland, the apple or chards of Western New York, the orange groves of Florida, the vineyards of Ohio and the nuts threahed from New England woods. The bread is white from the wheat fields of Illinois and Michigan, the banqueters are adorned with California gold, and the table is agleam with Nevada silver, and the feast is warmed with the fire grates hesped up with Pennsylvania coal. The hall is spread with carpets from Lowell mills, and at night the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture.

Welcome, Thanksgiving Day Whatever we may think of New England Thanksgiving Day. What means the steady rush to the depots and the long rail trains darting their lanterns along the tracks of the Boston and Lowell, the Georgia Central, the Chicago Great Western, the St. Paul and Duluth and the Southern railway? Ask the happy group in the New England farm house; ask the villagers whose song of praise in the morning will come over the Berkshire hills; ask all the plantations of the South which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a great day of national festivity! Clap your hards, we peo-

the Berkshire hills; ask all the plantations of the South which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a great day of national festivity! Clap your hards, we people, and shout aloud for joy! Through the organ pipes let there come down the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the cornet! Wave the palm branches! "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

For two years and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if on this year's Thanksgiving in church and homestead we celebrate the victories of the plow, the hammer and the pen, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. Come up, farmers and mechanics and literary men and get your dues as far as I can pay them.

Things have marvelously changed. Time was when the stern edict of governments forbade religious assemblages. Those who dared to be so unloyal to their king as to acknowledge loyalty to the Head of the universe were punished. Churches aw-

dared to be so unloyal to their king as to acknowledge loyalty to the Head of the universe were punished. Churches awfully silent in worship suddenly heard their doors swung open, and down upon the church aisle a score of muskets thumped as the leaders bade them "Ground arms!" This custom of having the fathers, the husbands, the sons and brothers at the entrance of the pew is a custom which came down from olden time, when it was absolutely necessary that the father or brother should sit at the end of the church pew fully armed to defend the helpless portion of the family. But now how changed! Severe penalties are threatened against any one who shall interrupt relig-

against any one who shall interrupt religious services, and annually, at the command of the highest official in the United States, we gather together for thanksgiving and holy worship. To-day I would stir your souls to joyful thanksgiving while I speak of the mercies of God and in unconventional way recount the conquests of the plow, the hammer and the pen.

Most of the implements of husbandry have been superseded by modern inventions, but the plow has never lost its reign. It has furrowed its way through all the ages. Its victories have been waved by the barley of Palestine, the wheat of Persia, the flax of Germany, the ricestalks of China, the rich grasses of Italy. It has turned up the mammoth of Siberia, the mastadon of Egypt and the pine groves of Thessaly. Its iron foot hath marched where Moses wrote and Homer sang and Aristotle taught and Alexander mounted his war charger. It hath wrung its colter on Norwegian wilds and ripped out the stumps of the American forest, pushing its way through the savannahs of the Carolinas and trembling in the grasp of the New Hampshire yeomanry. American civilization hath kept step with the rattle of its clevises, and on its beam hath ridden thrift and national plenty.

I do not wonder that the Japanese and the Chinese and the Phoenicians so particularly extolled husbandry or that Cincinnatus went from the consulship to the plow or that. Noah was a farmer before he became a shipbuilder or that Elisha was in the field plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when the mantle fell on him or that the Egyptians in their pagánism worshiped the ox as a tiller of their lands.

To get an appreciation of what the American plow has accomplished I take you into the western wilderness. Here in the dense forest I find a collection of Indian wigwams. With belts of wampum the men lazily sit on the skins of deer, smoking their feathered columets, or, driven forth by hunger, I track their moceasins far away as they make the forest echallenge and council fires blaze, and war whoops ring, and chefs li

brate the triumph, for the whiteriess hath retreated and the plow hath conquered.

Within our time the Presidential Cabinet has added a Secretaryship of Agriculture. Societies are constantly being established for the education of the plow. Journals devoted to this department are circulated through all the country. Farmers through such culture have learned the attributes of soils and found out that almost every field has its peculiar preferences. Lands have their choice as to which product they will bear. Marshy lowlands touched by the plow rise and wring out their wet locks in the trenches. Islands born down on the coast of Peru and Bolivia are transported to our fields and make our vegetation leap. Highways by this plow are changed from boggy sloughs into roads like the Roman Appian way. Fields go phrough bloodless revolutions until there the farmhouse stands. In summer hone suckles clamber over the trellises. On one side there stands a garden, which is only a farm condensed. On the other side there is a stretch of meadow land with thick grass, and as the wind breathes over it it looks like the deep green ocean waves. There goes a brook, tarrying long in its windings, as if leath to leave the spot where the reeds sing, and the cattle stand at noonday under the shadow of the weeping willows. In winter the sled comes through the crackling snow with huge logs from the woods, and the barn floor quakes under the thumpings of the flail or the deafening buzz of the thrashing machine. Horses stand hencath how poles bending under foads of hay and whinny to the well filled oat bing. Comfort laughs at the wind rattling the sashes and clicking the icicles from the eaves.

Praise God for the great harvests that

fore been gathered, while higher prices will help make up for any decreased supply. Sure sign of activultural prosperity we have in the fact that cattle and horses and sheep and swine and all farm animals have during the last two years increased in value. Twenty million swine slaughtered this last year, and yet so many hogs left.

If the ancients in their festivals present-

that on the wing. By the former I mean the firm and substantial works which will go down through the centuries. When, on the other hand, I speak of literature on the wing. I mean the newspapers of the land. They fily swiftly and vanish, but leave permanent results upon the public mind. They fall noiselessly as a snow flake, but with the strength of an Alpine glacier.

To the down through the centuries. When, on the price of brothers would not be raised in the case of another accidental and fatal shot.—Arizona Republican.

Length of a Dream.

How long does à dream last? To the

This unparalleled multiplication of intel ligence will either make or break us. Every morning and evening our telegraph offices, with huge wire rakes, gather up the news of the nation and of the whole world, and men write to some purpose when they make a pen out of a thunder-bolt.

perseverance for a man to be ignorant in this country to day. It seems to me that it requires more effort for him to keep out knowledge than to let it in. The mailbags at the smallest postoffices disgorge large packages of intelligence for the people. Academies with maps, globes and philosophic apparatus, have been taking the places of those institutions where thirty or forty years are you were put to the philosophic apparatus have been taking the places of those institutions where thirty or forty years ago you were put to the torture. Men selected for their qualifications are intrusted with the education of our youth instead of those teachers who formerly with a drover's shout and goad compelled the young generations up the hill of science. Happy childhood! What with broken tops and torn kites and the trial of losing the best marble and stumping your foot against a stone and somebody sticking a pin into you to see whether you will jump and examination day, with four or five wise men looking over their spectacles to see if you can parse the first page in Young's "Night Thoughts" until verbs and conjunctions and participles and prepositions got into a grand riot. How things have marvelously changed! We used to cry because we had to go to school. Now children cry if they cannot go. Many of them can intelligently discuss political topics long before they have seen a ballot box or, teased by some poetic muse, can compose articles for the newspapers. Philosophy and astronomy and themistry have been so improved that he must be a genius at duliness who knows nothing about them.

On one shelf of a poor man's library is nore practical knowledge than in the 400. 900 volumes of ancient Alexandria, and education is possible for the most indigent,

On one shelf of a poor man's library is more practical knowledge than in the 400, 500 volumes of ancient Alexandria, and education is possible for the most indigent, and no legislature or congress for the last fifty years has assembled which has not had it in rail splitters and farmers and drovers or men who have been accustomed to toiling with the hand and the foot.

Lift up your eyes, O nation of God's right, hand, at the glorious prospects! Build larger your barns for the harvests; lig deeper the vats for the spoil of the rineyards; enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise; multiply galleries of art for he victures and statues. Advance, O nation of God's right hand, but remember that pational wealth, if unsanctified, is umptious waste, is moral ruin, is magnifient woe, is optendid rottenness, is gilded leath! Woe to us for the wine vats if irunkenness wallows in them! Woe to us for the harvests if greed sickles them! We to us for the merchandise if avarice wallows it! Woe to us for the cities if nisrule walks them! Woe to the land if lod defying crime debauches it! Our only afety is in more Bibles, more churches, nore free schools, more good men and nore good women, more consentated printing presses, more of the glorious gospel of the Son of God; which will yet extirpate all wrongs and introduce all blessedness.

But the preachers on Thanksgiving norning will not detain with long sernons their hearers from the home group. The housekeepers will be angry if the quests do not arrive until the viands are pold. Set the chairs to the table—the easy thairs for grandiather and grandmother, if they be still allow, the high chair for the your hand to take the full cup of thanksgiving. Lift it and bring it toward your lips, your hands trembling with emotion, and if the chalice shall overflow and rickle a few drops on the white cloth that overs the table do not be disturced, but let it suggest to you the words of the psalmist and lead you thankfully to say, "My cup runneth over!"

A Monkey Without Brains. lieve in the localization even of the

watch their opportunity and obtain one while its owner is absent. In a few days they are well toward Zambesis

The Indian had a brother, who came around the sect threatening an outbreak. He refused to accept the accident theory, and intimated the United States had putits foot in it through the action of its military representative, and had canceled all the friendly relations which had existed between the republic and the Apaches. He hinted at the war path and the desolated homes of white men.

The officer proceeded in the right way to restore a cordiale entente. Of course a brother could not be called back out of the arms of death, but there were other things in this world which would take the wire edge off grief; for instance, ponies and guns. The bereft brother became interested, and a settlement was soon reached which had for its basis a horse and saddle, a rifle, and a lot of

horse and saddle, a rifle, and a lot of blankets. The Indian returned later to blankets. The Indian returned later to receive the property. It was turned overto him according to the terms of peace treaty. The officer threw in besides a great lot of things the mourning relative had not asked for. The Indian packed the unexpected gifts and the blankets on the horse, and, mounting, turned to the officer and said: "Me got another brother;" which the officer understood to mean not mere casual information about the extent of the family, but that

How long does à dream last? To the dreamer they sometimes seem to endure for hours, and the general impression is that they continue for minutes at least, while the fact is that the longest dream appears to be confined within a solitary second, even though the events of it may

mpress the dreamer for days. Three physicians were discussing the matter in Bellevue Hospital (New York) a day or two ago, when one of them related a strange experience.
"Yesterday afternoon," he said, "I

called to see a patient, and much to my satisfaction I found him sleeping sound-ly. I sat by his bed, felt of his pulse without disturbing him and waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a junk dealer's cart with discordant ringing bells turned into the street, and as their first tones reached us my patient

opened his eyes.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad that you woke me, for I have been tortured by a most discharge lasted. tressing dream, that must have lasted for several hours. I dreamed that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horribly sounding sleigh bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't power to move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what appeared to be an interminable time. I am so glad you awoke me.'

"The ringing of those bells for one-second had caused all of that dream, and just at the waking moment."-New York the conventionalities of society. And yet Herald.

. A Mistake.

A certain shopwalker in one of the west end of London was noted for his severity to those under him.

"Doubtless; but then, you see-"Exactly. I saw that, in spite of a the questions she put to you, you rarely

"Well, but-You need not make any excuse. shall report you for carelessness."
"Well. I hadn't what she wanted," "What was that?"

"Six shillings. She's a book canvas-ser, selling "The Life of Napoleon the The shopwalker - retired crestfallen, amid the audible titters of all the assist-ants in the department, who greatly en-joyed his discomfiture.

Blessed Be Hot Water. Hot water tipplers are convinced that they have found a cure-all for the average ills. When tired, drink it as a tonic. When hot and thirsty, dring it as a cooler, for it never disappoints, and dear me how cheap it is and how good when one has formed the habit.

Headache almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water, quickly wrung out, and applied quickly over the seat of pain will in most cases promptly relieve toothache and neural-

A strip of flannel or towel folded several times lengthwise and dipped in hot water, then slightly wrung out and ap-plied about the neck of a child suffering with an acute attack of croup, will usually relieve the sufferer in the course of ten minutes if the flannel is kept hot.

Hot water, if taken freely a half bour before bedtime, is one of the best possible cathartics in severe cases of constipation, while it has a soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. There is no domestic remedy that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as will hot water when applied promptly and

The largest needle factory in the world is at Redditch, Worcestshire, England Over 70,000,000 needles are made weekly.

The first fire engine used in the United States was brought from England to New York City in 1734.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appear-ance. Sold by all druggists. The "heart wood" of a tree has ceased to take any part in the vegetative economy of the tree. Its use is to strengthen the trunk.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Chener & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax Wholesse Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesal Druggists, Toledo, Onio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimopials sent free.
Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The longest State is California, 770 miles, the widest, Texas, 780. The next in breadth is Montana, 580.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what alls you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarers help nature, cure you without a gripo or pain, produce casy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarers Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The sign painter, at least, can always make a name for himself.

FITS permanen; ly cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatire free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Ph. ia. Pa. Some people regard their friends simply as something to blame things on.

Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

The fact that one good turn deserves another is what keeps things going. I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consump

tion has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. You can't always tell a polished man by his shoes. hattered Traditions. "You young scroundel!" exclaimed

You conscienceless scamp! You stole my daughter away and disregarded all you ask forgiveness!"
"ou old scroundrel, what did you do?

retorted the new son-in-law. "What did you do? You let us elope, and did not pursue us on horseback with a shot-One day he approached a junior assistant, whose counter a lady had just left.

all the romance of the analy to do the might as well have got married to the rumty-tum-tum of the church organ, and let you pay the bill. You haen't a left. "You let that lady go without making a purchase?" he asked, severely.
"Yes, sir, I—"
"And she was at your counter fully for they were rather hungry.—Baltimore

Sure Cure for Fatigue.

A stalwart Boston laborer, in seeking work from a farmer, gave the assurance that he never got tired. The man was acordingly engaged; but when the farm-er went to the field where the man had been put to work he found him lazily lying on his back beneath a tree.
"Hallo!" cried the farmer, in surprise. "I thought you told me you never got

"No more I don't!" replied the una bashed laborer. "But I precious soon should be, master, if I didn't do a jolly

lot of resting!"

A Boon To Humanity Is what everybody says who

St. Jacobs Oil

It Conquers Pain

(Being the Soliloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

"Thar's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights, 'N the wonderful prosperity thet beet growin' invites.

Thar's a beap er foolish crowin' 'n the "beats" begin ter shous 'in holler fer the Tariff terkeep free raw sugar out!
But I notis thet the beet-producin' farms are very few.
An' the farmers through the country aint got much ef it ter dew.
The hull land aint a-raisin' beets, 'n aint goin' ter begin,
Beet growin's right fer sum, I guess—but, whar dew I cum in ?

The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets—
A handsom price, I must allow—but hidin' sum deceits.
Beet sugar manyfacterers admit es they hev found
Thet "granylated" costs 'em sumthin' like tew cents a pound. In fact thet leaves a profit on which they'd greatly thrive— And—if it kin be sold fer three, why should we pay 'em FIVE ? It seems tor me es thet's a game thet's mighty like a skin— But-if thar's any benefit-waal,-whar dew I cum in ?

When Uncle Sam's in want o' cash we're glad ter help him out, 'N we'll stand all the taxes thet are needed, never doubt.
But when his pocket-book's well lined an' nary cent he lacks.
Et seems ter me his duty's ter repeal thet sugar tax.
Them fellers wot is interested sez its to protect
The beet-producin' farmer thet the duty they collect, But I guess thet explanation es a little bit too thin— The sugar maker,—he's all right;—but—whar dew we cum in ?

Take off raw sugar duty an' the price will quickly fall, To everybody's benefit, fer sugar's used by all. The poor will bless the Government thet placed it in that reach-('n millions of our citizens aree sugar now beseech) The dealer 'll be delighted-less expenditure fer him-More demand 'n bigger profits-which a: present are but slim. An' the farmer 'll be as well paid as he ever yet hes ben-But he'll buy his sugar cheaper-thet's whar he an' I'll cum in.

Now, whar's the sense er reason of the sugar tax to-day, When our treasury's a-bulgin' au' we hev no debts ter pay? The duty on raw sugar's Fifty million every year-An' the people's got ter pay it-thet's a fact thet's very clear. Fifty million! Great Jerusha! Ter protect beet magnates, too, Why should they tax ALL the people—just ter help a scattered FEW? And the FEW? Beet-sugar MAKERS! Don't it really seem a sin Thus ter help an' fill thar coffers ? Whar dow you an' I cum in ?

The farmer growin' beets hes got a contract price fer years-Free raw sugar wouldn't hurt him, an' of it he hes no fears, But mebbe, like myself—he's also growing fruit so nice— Ter preserve it—at a profit—he needs sugar—at a price!
The repealing of the duty, sufely cuts the price in two— Thet'll make a mighty difference, neighbor, both ter me an' you ! Let the sugar manyfacterer make such profits as he kin-Ter him it may seem right enuff-but whar dew I cum in ?

An' I aint agoin' ter swaller all the argyments they shout Thet the farmers need protection-an' must bar raw sugar out Common sense is plainly showin' that the people in the land Want raw sugar free in future—an' its freedom will demand. "Tis a tax no longer needed—hateful to the public view,— Taxing millions of our people to enrich a favored few. They can't blind me any longer with the foolish yarns they spin,— While they're busy, making money—whar dew you an' I come in?

I'm agoin' ter keep on hustlin', talkin', pleadin' with my frends,—Aint no sense in lettin' others gain that selfish privet ends. I'm agoin' ter write termorrer to my Congressman 'nd say Thet he oughter do his best ter kill that tax without delay! Feller-farmers, do your utmost-whether you grow beets or not To repeal the tax on sugar-you can but improve your lot! Cheaper sugar helps your pocket, greater blessings you can win-When we've three-cent granylated-that's whar you an' I cum in !"

the unwilling father-in-law, when the eloping couple presented themselves for parental forgiveness and place to live.

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The said will be the said

where the policeman ceases to trouble and the native is at rest. No wonder the lions are scared from the main

[Copyright, 1901, L. Klopsch.] No convincing proof has yet been

given that any particular portion of most prominent representative of the dwindling band who still refuse to bemotor functions, has lately published which was carefully watched for eleven years after the removal of the greater part of the gray matter of the middle the animal, whose tricks and peculiari-

ties had been studied for months before the operation, was entirely unaffected. All its traits remained unaltered. On the other hand, disturbances of movement on the right side were death. It learned again to use the right limbs, but there was always a certain clumsiness in their movements. In actions requiring only one hand the right was never willingly employed, and it evidently cost the animal a great effort to use it. Before the operation it would give either the right or left hand when asked for it.-Popular Science Monthly.

are returning to their distant and savone must realize the thin-shanked. flat-footed bandle-carrying, nude native pedaling across the wild veldt with around him, with a bundle of mealie bash of water over his back, a digger's belt round his waist, and sundry extail ornaments flying from his legs.
They appear to obtain these bicycles cheap, too. Their mode is first to